THE New Republic

The Undiplomatic Diplomacy of Dean Acheson

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THE SEAL OF HUMILIATION

A Frenchman Views the Future in North Africa

by JEAN DANIEL

APRIL 28, 1958

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Washington Wire

Our Secret Weapon

IT'S NOT GENERALLY known but Speaker Sam Rayburn vetoed a trip to Moscow this Easter vacation of an exchange group of younger House members. He argued that if they went to Russia officially members of the Communist chamber would have to be received here and that this would dignify them in their pretense that they are a democratic legislature.

Our feeling is that the more travel the better. The great secret weapon of the democracies in Russia is the appetite for the higher living standard. Every Russian who sees America goes home with a subversive knowledge of what a Safeway shopping center looks like. Personally it doesn't make us sob at night that the Communist economy is improving. Every new flush toilet in the home of a Communist commissar makes him question whether such a shocking disproportion of gross national product should go into armies and capital goods instead of consumer goods.

Calm and Bewildered

THE US RECESSION is getting worse, not better. Gross national product for the January-March quarter dropped to $424 billion at an annual rate—down $8.6 billion from the quarter before. March industrial production is at 128 compared to 145 last August. The clash in Washington is between those who want to call in a doctor at these alarming symptoms and the Administration, which is pinning everything on a faith cure.

The Administration keeps warning against hysteria—but there is no hysteria. At his press conference last week Eisenhower urged people to be "reasonable" and not "get a Sputnik attitude about everything." (You remember that a lot of people got absurdly alarmed about Sputnik.) But that isn't what's happening now. There is not panic; there is bewilderment. People are calm—and incredulous. The government isn't going to let it happen, they say; but it is happening.

Does the man in the street want a tax cut? The answer is that he yearningly wants what Washington tells him is good for him, and that the White House and the newspapers are telling him a tax cut is bad. You can count on the newspaper editors to be conservative at a time like this. They voted 74-13 against a tax cut in a poll at their convention here last week, two days before the impressive Rockefeller report came out for a tax cut. Also advocating a tax cut are the much respected non-partisan Committee for Economic Development, and the National Planning Association besides scores of others.

Nothing better illustrates the approach of the editors than the reverential treatment they gave Bernard Baruch. To us Baruch is just a figment of the late Herbert Bayard Swope's imagination that establishes him as a prophet on anything save success as a stock market speculator. His remedy in 1929 was to "balance the budget," and that is what he urges now. Yet when this ancient soothsayer testified here on April Fools' Day the *New York Herald-Tribune* reacted with headlines that might have been reserved for new tablets of stone brought down from Mount Sinai, and an editorial which said, in effect, "He has spoken." (The *Trib* is having financial difficulties, and the Baruch episode seems to indicate why.)

A Visitor from Mars

WE HEARD Robert Oppenheimer talk last week and it bowled us over. We had never seen him before. Didn't understand a word he said. It was his first talk here since the AEC revoked his security clearance as chairman of the General Advisory Committee. Theoretically this denied him access to his own thoughts every one of which should be a classified secret. He is a thin, shy, lanky, hawk-beaked, blue-eyed idealist, quivering with the kind of ideas that produce A-bombs. He is now head of Princeton's Institute of Advanced Study. What struck us was that he is the genius type, wholly outside the comprehension of the practical businessman, who recognizes him instinctively as an enemy—febrile, startling and dangerous. Is he safe? Safe, we should guess, as a child, or a poet, or a Visitor from Mars. We must have subconsciously adopted that "visitor from Mars" concept because we kept being surprised that there was no accent or language barrier: it was just that we couldn't understand what he was talking about. The irony is that Oppenheimer is the kind of person conventional people (Admiral Strauss say) instinctively hate—and can't get on without. He defies them, eludes them—is evidently fit for nothing but extermination—and yet is indispensable. It is intolerable. Britain knights that sort of person; we try to disgrace them.

Someday we must brush up on our physics. We noted in this space recently our bafflement at the Einsteinian concept of twisted time. All right, here is a transcribed quotation from Oppenheimer, a reference to the "very gay and wonderful discovery that Nature has a preference for right-handed and left-handed screws in certain situations, rather than being indifferent to the handedness of the screw." The audience gawked. Yes, we really must find time for that high-school refresher course.

Notes

THE State Department won't say this but one of the reasons it dreads a Khrushchev-Eisenhower Summit meeting is Ike. They fear another Geneva comment like his, "I want to make clear I believe they [the Russians] are as earnestly desirous of finding peace as we are." Walter Lippmann described this as "Eisenhower's temperamental desire to agree with the man he is seeing."

Unhappy Detroit wants the government to reduce or eliminate the present 10 percent excise tax on cars. Almost certainly a cut is coming. But the government should not do this unless the motor moguls themselves agree to reduce present exorbitant prices. A little bold leadership from the White House could produce a three-way deal: concessions by management, UAW and Treasury all at the same time. Object—to cut car prices and stimulate consumer purchasing.

T.R.B.

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GILBERT A. HARRISON, *Editor & Publisher*
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F. R. Ruskin, *Asst. to the Publisher*
Contributing Editors: Alexander M. Bickel, B. H. Haggin, Irving Howe, Gerald W. Johnson, James E. King, Jr., Donald Malcolm, Helen Hill Miller

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Correspondence

► *The Reunification of Germany*

SIRS:

MAY I be allowed to make two comments on Mr. Denis Healey's interesting article, "A Blueprint for Mutual Withdrawal" which appeared in *The New Republic* on March 24?

Mr. Healey writes, in order to back

(Continued on page 24)

Acheson Diplomacy

REALITY and power are favorite words of Dean Acheson, and yet there is a curious unreality about his approach to the power of public opinion. Theoretically, of course, he understands that a foreign policy which does not win popular consent is a frail thing. And yet, so sure is he that "the public" with its weakness for the easy way is the enemy of right conduct that he seems almost incapable of winning votes for his views. Indeed, he sometimes seems to think that "winning votes" is a rather low pursuit.

To illustrate, in his April 15 speech in Kansas City, Mr. Acheson rebuked the British Labour Party for being motivated by "a shrewd appraisal of the emotions of the British voter." (He also said the Labourites suffer from "illusions about the intentions of the Soviet Union," thus managing to charge them simultaneously with naïveté *and* shrewdness.) The word "shrewd" is interesting. It has an illicit ring. He might have said that the Labour Party's current flirtation with disengagement and a ban on nuclear tests is the consequence of the Party's "accurate" appraisal of the emotions of the British voter. But his word was "shrewd." The point we wish to make is that Mr. Acheson, who is taking an increasingly personal interest in politics (going so far as to intervene in the current Senatorial primary fight in Minnesota, endorsing one of the three able Democrats) and who is always reminding us to pay attention to the fact of power, himself takes so little into account the powerful reality of people's feelings.

We do not for an instant suggest that political leaders should bow down before prejudice at the expense of truth. But we do suggest that serious attempts to re-examine the foreign policies by which the West has been guided during the past decade are not explicable (and indictable) only in terms of "appeasing" public opinion. Something quite different is involved in the British Labour Party's reappraisal of the international situation than a desire to shirk off unpleasant responsibilities or any blind faith in Soviet peaceful intentions. It is a *fact,* that a powerful part of the public abroad (and not merely neutralists or fuzzy-minded social democrats) is becoming distrustful of and alarmed by the unbending and military bearing of American diplomacy. Articulate, non-Communist opinion is demanding exploration of alternatives to the present division of Europe, to bomb testing, to nuclear armament, to colonialism in North Africa, to the attempt to isolate Communist China.

One ought to accept as a fundamental "reality" that the fight against Communism—as that fight has been conducted and described—has lost much of the power it had a decade ago to mobilize the spirit and energies of the world's non-Communists—except perhaps in areas which the Communists control, and in those areas unfortunately the non-Communists

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are more resigned to their fate than they were the day Mr. Acheson left the Department of State. Hungary did that.

Realistically, then, what audience could Mr. Acheson have hoped to influence by the five conditions for negotiating with the Soviet Union which he laid down in his Kansas City speech?

Talks with the Russians, on the Summit or on the level, are futile, not to say dangerous, he said, unless there is:

► an end to Soviet domination of any country in Eastern Europe, and an ability in Europe as a whole to defend Europe's independence.

► rearmament of Europe with conventional weapons.

► rapid and complete integration of Western Europe, with Germany "united within a unified Western Europe." ("The Soviet Government," he added, "could not with any candor be afraid of aggression from such a united Western Europe.")

► "attainment of a stage of comparative stability in the development of nuclear missiles." (That is to say, accumulation by the West of a sufficient quantity of smaller "tactical" nuclear weapons, ICBMs, etc.)

► continued presence of United States troops in Europe.

Do not his five conditions amount to this: We dare not negotiate for years to come—if ever. This is a position neither our allies nor anyone else will accept. Some of Dean Acheson's recent statements remind us once again that the most impeccable logic can founder on the rock of psychological impossibility.

Ezra Pound

DURING most of his 13-year confinement in St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Ezra Pound was free to do most anything he liked, provided he did it within the hospital grounds. He wrote, held court and gave informal instruction in his racial, political and economic theories—the most celebrated of his pupils was John Kaspar, the white supremacist.

Pound has now been released from St. Elizabeth's Hospital near Washington, D. C., the treason indictment against him quashed. He is said to be incurably insane, but harmless. We believe his release was long overdue. Yet, instead of describing him as "harmless," the hospital staff should have said that he would not be able to do more mischief outside the hospital than he had done as an inmate.

Steps to the Summit

BY THEIR charge of provocative US nuclear bomber flights across the Arctic the Russians again made it clear that the road to the Summit and back will be paved with propaganda. The Russians chose to force a Security Council session in this instance despite the fact that no one, least of all the Russians, has been in the dark about the DEW (Distant Early Warning) line. Mr. Dean Acheson speaks matter-of-factly in the current *Foreign Affairs* of

> that system of early warning stations which stretches from Alaska, across the Arctic regions and far out into the Atlantic. Here there are daily contacts on a thousand radarscopes, and doubtless the same is true on the other side of the screen.

The mission of the DEW line stations has been no secret: to alert the Strategic Air Command whenever unidentifiable US-bound objects proceeding across the Arctic appear on their radar screens.

Stassen as Candidate

IT SURPRISES no one, including Harold Stassen, that Mr. Stassen is having a tough time gaining Republican support in his attempt to be elected Governor of Pennsylvania. It is surprising, however, to learn that he is now given an outside chance to win his primary battle. Nixon's name has come into the intra-party fight as the regulars not only try to nominate Stassen's opponent—Arthur McGonigle—but also to insure 1960 convention support for the Vice President. Republican voters are being told that Stassen is anti-Nixon and that if they elect him, the President may be displeased.

A few months ago, GOP regulars dismissed Stassen as a "carpetbagger," predicted he would never file for the nomination, and promised that if he did he wouldn't get more than a handful of votes. His February 15 announcement that he would be a candidate left Republican leaders unmoved. Not a single county chairman declared for him. But, with Kefauver-like tenacity, Mr. Stassen set out to create his own organization. "Pennsylvania for Stassen" is led by Alvin Diamond, a Philadelphia lawyer, and has state headquarters on the 14th floor of the Benjamin Franklin Hotel in Philadelphia and regional offices in Philadelphia, Pittsburgh and Harrisburg, and smaller offices in each of the 67 counties.

Every Tuesday night, the ex-"Secretary for Peace" appears on Philadelphia's TV-Channel 10. These Tuesday telecasts were something of a deep secret until recently when the political columnist of the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, John Cummings, gave it away, by reporting that Little Orphan Annie, on another channel, had almost all the audience at the time Stassen was on the air. As a result

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many persons who were curious about Stassen made telephone inquiries concerning the program and paid ads are now calling attention to it.

McGonigle's first campaign speech advised Stassen to go "back to Minnesota." Stassen asked if all the immigrants to the US should go back to their own countries, and this ended McGonigle's attack along that line. It indicates the kind of advice McGonigle is receiving. But he has solid organization support and from three-quarters to a million dollars in funds.

Stassen's platform favors lower taxes on industry to bring more manufacturing to the state; more scientific and technical education in high schools, with higher qualifications for teachers and higher salaries; overhaul of a "wasteful" and "weak" state government and "peace." Stassen is exploiting his reputation as a peace advocate in his talks before Lions Clubs, schools, Masonic groups—or where any two or three are gathered together.

In the Stassen camp no one talks victory—there is just hope. There hovers over his followers a sort of realistic forlornness. They want to win, they know they should win, they say they and not McGonigle can be the saviors of the once-mighty Republican Party in Pennsylvania.

But Sen. R. B. Mahany, GOP floor leader who went over to Stassen after the regulars rejected him for lieutenant governor, has said, "I'm a step-child." And the ex-Minnesota Governor, ex-Navy captain, ex-university president, ex-disarmament advisor, in a little speech he made in the western part of the state looked himself in the eye and admitted he was "nobody's darling."

If nominated, could Mr. Stassen be elected? Probably not. Pittsburgh's experienced Democratic mayor, David Lawrence, is almost certain to move to Harrisburg.

Back to the Bow & Arrow

WE READ in *Life* magazine earlier this month all about *Alpha 1*, a 10-inch plastic rocket propelled by "a harmless mixture of citric acid and bicarbonate of soda," produced for the younger set by Experiment, Inc., which also engages in serious missile research. *Alpha 1* has its own launching pad and aiming shaft. It cannot "explode, ignite or cause harm even if swallowed."

The account left us uneasy. The picture of its being swallowed without harm made us want bicarbonate without citric acid. Imagine then our relief when several weeks later we saw in the *Washington Post and Times-Herald*, the following report:

> A fleet ball missile was fired from the Municipal Court House lawn yesterday. Police, Fire Department and Court officials watched from a distance as Assistant Corporation Counsel Thomas Fisk completed the 60 second count-down and fired the rocket with a remote control. It soared gracefully above the roof of the Criminal Division Building and bounced off the window casement. And all rubber-tipped 10 inches fell lightly to the ground. The missile, a carbon dioxide powered model of the real thing, is manufactured by a Richmond firm and is advertised locally for $4.98 as a children's toy. It was withdrawn from sale in two department stores downtown at the request of police who felt that the plastic *Alpha 1* fell under the District "dangerous missile" statute and could not be sold to children. The statute makes it unlawful to sell or transfer to those under 18 "firearms . . . pellet, projectile, dart, or any other dangerous missile or explosive."

We interpret the District of Columbia's action to mean that world government, or rather limited world government, still has a chance—*if* we can get a universal statute adopted, comparable to the District's, but amended to delete the words "under 18" and substitute the words "over 18."

Or, if that appears too utopian, might not the little children lead us step by step toward limiting the destructive impact of armaments? The example of *Alpha 1* could mark the start of a glorious march by mankind—backwards. If rockets can be outlawed, why not atom ray guns, then miniature tanks, and ultimately beebee guns?

And since total disarmament is impossible, could we not at least negotiate with F.A.O. Schwartz for a thinning out of the military department, and a promise that by next Christmas shelves will be devoted to nothing but those wonderful, impractical conventional weapons?

FROM THE

Congressional Record

MONDAY, APRIL 14, 1958

Communist-Inspired Cuban Revolt

(Mr. Rivers (D, S.C.) asked and was given permission to address the House for one minute, to revise and extend his remarks, and to include an editorial.)

MR. RIVERS: Mr. Speaker, it is tragic that, because of the indecision of this Administration and the State Department in particular, aid has been denied to Batista in his fight against the Communist-inspired revolt of one Fidel Castro. This Administration, and the State Department in particular, have gone back on a solemn promise that they made to give aid to that government of Batista which is in being, which has been elected and which is a duly recognized government of the people of Cuba.

It has done so because of that left-wing *New York Times* and the left-wing *Time* magazine and the others who are part and parcel of the Communist line in this country.

Mr. Speaker, I say to you . . .

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Still A Secret

THE Senate Disarmament Subcommittee is currently trying to find out the truth about the comparative need and danger of further nuclear bomb tests. The first few days of what will probably be lengthy hearings convinced us that, unless present rules on "classified information" are changed, the committee will never be able to answer that question satisfactorily for the public.

The Senators have an advantage over listeners at the public hearings; they are also holding executive sessions for witnesses not permitted by security regulations to give their testimony in public. Even so, after hearing Dr. Edward Teller insist on continuance of bomb tests and (it is reliably reported) Dr. Hans Bethe favor trying to end them, Senator Symington (D, Mo.) could say with feeling that "everybody's pretty well mixed up."

One key question that requires clarification if we are to decide on the wisdom of pressing for a test-ban agreement with the Russians is whether we would be able to detect secret efforts to violate the ban. Most of those who have said we could not detect such deception have been scientists with access to classified material; most of those who have insisted otherwise are not "cleared" for such secrets. Who is the committee to believe? How are they, non-scientists all, to evaluate the scientific arguments of the able men who line up on opposite sides?

The difficulty was pointed up in an interchange between Senator Symington and an outstanding young physicist engaged in Columbia University's soon-to-be published study of nuclear weapons detection, Dr. Jay Orear. Dr. Orear had answered the committee directly on a question which Dr. Teller, the previous witness, had declined to answer on the ground that it involved classified information: how small is a "small bomb," which both sides agree probably could be tested without detection. (One kiloton or less, was Dr. Orear's answer.)

The next question from Chairman Humphrey, naturally, was: "Have you any type of clearance at all?"

Orear: "Not really . . . the highest level clearance I have had is that required to ride in a military airplane—

> SYMINGTON: . . . Might it not be a good idea to ask (Admiral Strauss) to clear . . . all the people like you and Mr. Harrison Brown who have told us they are not cleared . . , right away so you can go in there and discuss these things on a completely "Here is all the information" basis with these people who are cleared. . . .
>
> OREAR: I would much prefer it if . . . the information could be cleared rather than me. . . .
>
> If I were cleared, I would not be able to give you the public testimony that I have given you. I would not be able to talk about this fuzzy dividing line being in the region of a kiloton. You saw how the previous witness was quite handicapped. . . .
>
> The advantage I have now is that I can discuss many of these things freely in the open public and open press. . . .
>
> SYMINGTON: It would appear from what you say that if you worked for the government, that is an automatic way of preventing the people from getting the facts.
>
> OREAR: I would say that if I had this clearance . . . I would not be able to talk about many of these things and present some of these facts to the public.

Pace-Setter Humphrey

HUBERT HUMPHREY, who was once dismissed by a lady columnist as a "gliberal," is busily proving himself on issue after issue to be one of the most impressive members of the United States Senate. In foreign affairs especially, he has become a pace-setter for his party. He deserves particular praise for the persistent manner in which his Disarmament Subcommittee has brought out into the open for debate the crucial issue of whether or not a reliable detection system is possible in any ban on nuclear test explosions. Here, and elsewhere, Humphrey is identifying himself with controversies which are more often than not shunned by his colleagues as too risky politically.

Last week, he again noted that a China policy that accepts Communist China's existence is a prerequisite to disarmament. He reminded a TV audience that the Soviet Union staged a nuclear explosion in the nine-kiloton range within Chinese territory and argued that "if you are going to have a truly effective disarmament agreement of major proportions you must include within it Red China." For years he has advocated greater attention to India, and in his proposal for a $900 million loan program in 1958 and 1959 he did not duck the fact, as others have, that ample aid-to-India funds can come only through appropriations by Congress.

It was Humphrey who protested on the morning after the French raid on Sakiet-el-Youssef that US Corsairs had been improperly used in violation of mutual security commitments. Since his visit to the Middle East in May, 1957, it has been Humphrey who stressed the need for a Middle East Economic Development Authority. And he is continually prodding the Administration to use our agricultural surpluses on a larger scale as a means of assisting countries in the Middle East and Asia.

The Senator is perhaps best known for the pro-civil rights stand which first placed him in the national spotlight at the 1948 Democratic Convention. To his own Minnesota constituents he may appear primarily as a fighter for retention of farm price supports and as a grimly earnest Cassandra who appears daily on the Senate floor to cite evidence that the recession is worse than the President will admit. He turned up last week as the chief advocate of pending humane slaughter legislation.

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Once More Into the Past, Dear Ladies

THIS has been an ecstatic but bewildering week for nature lovers in Washington. Almost overnight the Japanese cherry trees around the tidal basin have exploded into pink popcorn balls of blossom. Daffodils are buttering the flowerbeds of Georgetown and magnolias are gorgeously waxing the yards and parks of the whole capital with opulent tapers of white and pinkish mauve. But something extra special has been added to this bower of blooms. Vast hedges of orchids are sweeping through the town in mobile units, converging on the hothouse of Constitution Hall. They are, of course, a special genus of this exotic flora which springs up annually in Washington at this time of year, its lavish petals of high-blood-pressure purple delicately affixed to the tender stalk of a DAR.

Behind this clever camouflage of the orchid corsage, the vigilant Daughters of the American Revolution, like a commando unit in the Cambodian jungle, move relentlessly against the enemy. In fact, the image is even more apt than first appears. As the trained warrior knows that death may lurk behind every seductive frond of the tropics, so the stealthy shock troops of the DAR know that treason is concealed under every garlanded cherry branch and they will stamp it out if they have to fell the whole tree of liberty in the process.

If they have been fearless in the past, they have been downright foolhardy with bravery on the battlefields of their 67th Continental Congress. There is almost nothing they have not dared take on in their campaign to preserve, in the theme of their gathering, the "fruits of freedom." Such a massive offensive have they mounted that it is difficult to see what they'll have left to defend next year. Their achievements make an American Legion convention look like Lenin's hotel room before the October revolution.

"Stop at once, do you hear?"

Here are some of the sharpest spears of their condemning resolutions:

► They demand not only that the United States get out of the United Nations but that the UN get out of the US.

► Foreign aid, and reciprocal trade, alien operations that they are, must, naturally, go.

► Fluoridation of community drinking water probably should go too. One delegate called it an international plot to weaken America with drugs.

► The Supreme Court, of course, must be curbed, teachers should be forced to take loyalty oaths and "true American history" should be a required subject in schools; whether there were enough unsubversive true Americans to teach it was not made clear.

► Amazonian opposition to UNESCO, the World Health Organization, Communist China and the federal income tax is so traditional for the darling Daughters that it is hardly worth mention.

But they struck out in new fields. They condemned subliminal advertising on television and attacked the National Council of Churches of Christ in America because, among other things, it was for federal aid to education and against the McCarran-Walter Immigration Act.

They are still for the Bricker amendment to curb the President's treaty-making powers, but they oppose the Eisenhower plan to reorganize the Pentagon and any change in the East front of the national Capitol.

One of their stands would surely bring a benign smile to the ghost of that martyred hero of racial purity, Adolf Hitler. "Racial integrity is a fundamental Christian principle," the descendants of revolutionary purebreds vowed, condemning mixture of races by marriage.

We don't want a thing about these ladies to change, I maintain. We want them for just the anachronistic lovelies that they are. They represent something which is lost. For a moment I couldn't remember what and then the lines of Elizabeth Akers Allen's poem came to me:

> Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,
> Make me a child again just for tonight.

The name of the poem, of course, is "Rock Me To Sleep."

EDWARD P. MORGAN
ABC Broadcast, April 18

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LA RONDE

***The French Government was defeated soon after midnight by a vote in the National Assembly upon its Tunisian policy.*—News item April 16**

FRANCE once more betrayed,
Removes the traitors within.
The Allies' game they played,
A Munich deal they made—
The Government must be flayed,
So let the assassins begin!

Conferring with Allies
Is the unforgivable sin;
Those foes in friends' disguise
Conspired to advise
A Tunis compromise,
So let the assassins begin!

The bells of midnight toll
Above the Assembly's din.
Victory is the goal,
No Power shall France control!
Government heads must roll,
So let the assassins begin!

His doom the Premier hears,
No confidence vote he'll win,
Poujadists shout, to cheers,
"No parley on Algiers!
No guards along frontiers!
So let the assassins begin!"

Gaullists and Communists call
For sterner discipline.
The writing on the wall
The Right heed not at all;
The Government must fall,
So let the assassins begin!

Post in the Quai D'Orsay
This final bulletin—
"America's protégé,
The Government passed away,
It could not last till day,"
So let the assassins begin.

WHENEVER France once more
Shall put a Government in,
As Ministers take the floor,
Mercy they may implore—
But they'll say "We have been here before,
So let the assassins begin."

SAGITTARIUS

The Seal of Humiliation

A Frenchman Views the Future in North Africa

Tunis

IN ALGERIA, France is living through a drama of exceptionally great importance to Europe and the West. Behind the colonial problem is a questioning of the values by which a whole civilization has lived.

The uniqueness of the drama stems from the fact that the French were within a few inches of winning the gamble in Algeria and of saving European values in all of North Africa.

JEAN DANIEL *has served for many years as North African correspondent of the liberal Paris weekly* The Express.

Algeria was one of the rare colonial countries of the world whose inhabitants wanted sincerely and freely to integrate themselves with the colonizing country. Algerian nationalism was a *contingent* fact, not a *necessary* one; it might not have been at all. For a whole epoch it did not exist. The claims of the elites took a revolutionary, not a national, form. All the young Algerians who followed M. Ferrat-Abbas in 1936 wanted simply to be Frenchmen like the other Frenchmen. The Arab East seemed contemptible to them and in any case inferior to the French incarnation of European civilization. Their protest was egalitarian, not separatist. No doubt there was also an insurrectional ferment, of Pan-Arab orienta-

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tion and religious form. But it was confused, unclear, often disavowed, and in any case did not help the Algerians acquire a sense of national awareness.

In brief, France had in Algeria an exceptionally good chance to win a gamble that would be of value to all of the West: that of isolating in this part of the Mediterranean world some millions of Moslems, or reducing Islam to a religious faith, of working out a synthesis that would have provided an example to the Middle East, and of permitting the colonized peoples to skip anarchical and retrograde phases.

☆

The gamble on integration would have had admirable effects in all fields. It was lost. The reasons are known: blindness of the French capitalists, racism of the poor whites, lack of authority of the central powers, unrest resulting from an astounding increase in the population, and a certain slowness in the evolution of the Algerian masses. No matter. The gamble was lost. The nationalism, which might not have been, is. Its protagonists are trying to build for themselves a past in the light of the present, a history lighted up by the insurrection, a glory manufactured under the impetus of authentic heroism. And France does not resign herself.

She has excuses. She has given too much of herself in Algeria, which was never a colony like other colonies. Not only did France build schools, hospitals and one of the finest networks of roads that an under-developed country has ever had. Not only because of the struggle against trachoma and syphilis, because of the clearing of the land and of irrigation, but also because she has for too long a period of time become used to consider Algeria as her flesh, as part of herself, as a prolongation of her territory to which, from time to time, she went in quest of refuge as in 1943 and of vitality as in 1945. "Algeria is France," that magical formula, enchanting and murderous—how many Frenchmen have taken it for granted, to the very depths of themselves with the most complete good faith and the most baffling blindness!

Today Algeria is a sickness for France, an obsessional illness. Every month a book about Algeria appears in France. The list of a single well-known Parisian publisher has more than 10. Algeria crops up in all conversations, in all plans. One says "if not for Algeria" or "when the Algerian struggle is ended," etc. France is divided, damaged, tortured. It seems to her that a plot has been made against her, that a coalition of interests and appetites has been formed to take from her the chance in Algeria—which she alone has lost. She becomes irritable, suspicious, goes into isolation; her delegates leave international conferences, sulk at the United Nations and NATO. Everywhere the French see the "hand of the foreigner." Perhaps the hand is there now, but it was so expected and it has become so important that it should invite the French to be more cautious. When, finally, the French recognize that they have their share of responsibilities in this affair—even as enlightened colonizers—they challenge their courts, they judge their judges: who has the right to give them lessons on this subject? Who are the innocent ones who throw the first stones at them?

But politics is not a taking of inventory of responsibilities. It is activity directed toward the future. What needs to be done so that all of the past may not be lost, so that North Africa may not be a new Middle East with all its demagogies, its rivalries, its haggling contests of matching of high bids, its feudalisms? What must be the approach to prevent justice from becoming vengeance, and revolt in the name of progress from becoming retrogression?

These are the only serious questions. From the Bandung Conference to the Cairo Conference, progress has been made only the road of ugliness and recrimination. Noble serenity has degenerated into sordid xenophobia; from the greatness of the American Negroes and the disciples of Gandhi to the Soviet-Levantine demagogy. That is what is called the revenge of the humiliated. It does not always have a pretty face.

Nevertheless, this is the kind of face which may perhaps be given to the Algerian insurrections if things go on as at present. There is only one way to stop the deviations of the insurgents: that is to make them statesmen, to put them to grips with realities, to transform them into builders. The Algerian revolutionary leaders are unable to give their people more bread, more peace, more freedom than France could give them. But they give them what France refused to give them: a destiny. This must be boldly recognized, resigned to, accepted. After which, everything begins.

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The longer one waits, the more an anti-Western orientation is given to the Algerian revolution. The revolutionary leaders who took up arms in the very name of the values they received from their colonizers will renounce these values.

On the other hand, to the extent that the Algerian destiny, emerging perhaps from nothing but inevitably powerful, is accepted, chances will remain to get to the bottom of the real problems; to discuss practically the Saharan realities, the fate of the million Frenchmen of Algeria, the future of the laical institutions, the cultural relations which should stem from the fruitful synthesis rather than from an impoverishing secession. There will be no lack of difficulties. Modern psychoanalysts and sociologists have warned us that the relations between former colonizers and former colonized peoples are irremediably soiled: the seal of humiliation marks them. But this humiliation will every day grow deeper and the future relations every day more difficult if the Algerian people are refused their destiny.

JEAN DANIEL

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The Strike that Didn't Come Off

Bonn

MUCH HAS BEEN written in recent weeks of the signs of economic recession in Western Germany. There has been a 16 percent drop in steel production in the first three months of this year, a glut of gasoline and hard coal, and 3.5 million tons of German shipping were lying idle at the end of last month. Rising prices (those of coal and some foodstuffs went up immediately after last September's Federal Election), discontent over the proposed arming of the Bundeswehr with nuclear weapons, impatience because no progress has been made toward reunification—these were supplementary reasons for unrest in Germany's labor-force. A rash of industrial strikes has been confidently predicted since January.

There have, admittedly, been strikes among the textile workers of Hesse and Hanover, a one-day "demonstration strike" of municipal workers at the end of last month and the threat of a postal-workers strike. But these were insignificant disputes alongside the unrest in the steel industry. The Metal Workers Union decided that the time had come for a trial of strength, invited workers in the Ruhr to ballot and then called a strike for April 9. The situation looked dangerous. Was the end of the German boom, which has gone on ever since the Korean War, at last in sight? It was, if a wage-price spiral of the type now well known in Britain was under way.

A strike of 184,000 steel workers might have meant this. For there is an unwritten law in Western Germany that the coal miners must be, always will be, the best-paid group in heavy industry. The steel workers claim for a 10 percent wage increase would, if granted, have taken them above the coal miners. The latter had a ready-prepared wage-claim to lodge in the event of the happening. Other unions would have followed.

The Metal Workers Union mismanaged the steelworkers' case—whichever way one might want to look at that case. Their leaders brought the matter to the boil at Easter in the Catholic, religious-minded Rhineland. The Metal Workers Union invited mediation from the Land Government of North Rhine Westphalia, but turned down its compromise proposals at the last moment. By then the general public had accepted the fact that the Land Government's mediation was honestly neutral.

These same leaders decreed that the wage-claim commission should vote on the strike issue first, and should not vote secretly. This produced an almost unanimous vote in favor of striking unless wage-claims were met in full. Union members were invited to ballot. Out of 184,000 steel workers, 163,000 belonged to the union. Of them 131,000 opted to strike "if necessary." This was 12,000 less than three years ago, when a similar ballot was held and the union still did not feel strong enough to organize the strike.

Still, the strike was scheduled to begin on April 9 and the employers had still offered no more than the 5 percent wage increase proposed by the Land Government. The union had cleared the decks for action, at least, if it wanted to be tough. But it then agreed to fresh government mediation on April 8. At 2 o'clock in the morning it accepted almost exactly the same terms which it had refused three days before.

When the early morning shift began at 6 o'clock, production was almost normal and there was practically full turn-out for the midday shift. The spirit of revolt was no more than a faint, forgotten heartbeat.

Where had the union gone wrong? First, it had underestimated public aversion to a crippling strike. The whole West German press, with the obvious exception of Social Democratic papers, roundly condemned strike action. In the second place, it overestimated its own strength. The employers were genuinely worried by falling production and more slender order books. They would not go beyond what they thought was a fair offer. It was not a matter of calling their bluff.

Finally, the union made a major psychological blunder. It called for a show-down, obtained a mandate from its members, then retracted and accepted the best patched-up peace that it could obtain.

The rights and wrongs of wage-claims are a subject in themselves. German employers do not have a name for generosity as negotiators—although they are very ready to grant fringe-benefits far handsomer than anything that the German workers have had in the past. And in connection with the wage-price spiral and inflation it is a moot point whether the German worker gets his fair share of the cake of German prosperity.

What is sure is that the German trade unions have just lost a decisive battle. An entrenched industrial order, backed by public opinion, has repulsed what could have been the first wave in a sea of wage claims. The confidence of organized labor in its leaders has been rudely shaken. The odds are that industrial peace will be assured for the rest of 1958—if not much longer—and that the German boom will go on, just as long as the American recession does not deepen into a very definite slump.

TERENCE PRITTIE

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The Disengagement Debate

Do We Pay More or Less for Defense?

NECESSARY as intellectual baptism undoubtedly is, there always exists the danger that the act of giving an idea a name will suggest the illusion of creation. The illusion is difficult to put aside, for an old idea looks so wonderfully new and bright with a fine moniker and thoughtfully worked out pedigree. Yet the distinction between the new and the merely newly named is important. For in the latter case there is a valuable experience factor readily available, and in the former there is not. The point is pertinent to a judgment of Denis Healey's arresting "Case for Disengagement."

In his three thoughtful articles Mr. Healey calls for the setting up of what amounts to a neutral belt in lieu of an Iron Curtain in Central Europe, a demilitarized zone very much like that in the Rhineland into which Hitler marched in 1936. The setting up of this neutral zone would in fact amount to a reassessment of our present meandering in the direction of disengagement through disarmament.

It is a fact that for some time now the NATO forces have actually been in the process of disengagement. The British have been cutting down on their ground troops. The French have withdrawn theirs to Africa. It is one of the ironies of recent NATO policies that the countries united in the organization feel so strongly the need of deluding themselves as to their continuing strength that they have been unable to take propaganda advantage of what has actually been partial disarmament. We ourselves are reducing the number of ground forces designed to back up those we now have in Europe and elsewhere and are moving in the direction of forces designed alone for Armageddon. In this connection Mr. Healey's comment that "America is obviously moving toward a more balanced strategy" is sheer nonsense.

It is the present NATO trip-wire, the scattered forces in Europe, which "disengagement" is designed to move back. There is planned a substitute forward trip-wire which would be in the hands of the neutrals. These conventional forces on the borders of the neutral zone would fight first, then in case of "major aggression" NATO would intervene with air support, "including nuclear weapons if necessary," and would move in ground troops to take up a second trip-wire position. That is to say, Mr. Healey has grafted an old idea of his, graduated deterrence, onto disengagement. It is precisely at this point that the author and I part company.

Mr. Healey seems to believe that a reduction in military manpower is possible with the substitution of tactical atomic weapons. But, as war games have shown for years now, nothing could be further from the truth. Then in the first of the three articles Denis Healey speaks of "The soaring cost of the weapons race at a time of rapid technological change. . . ." He goes on to speak of "bankruptcy." One would gather from this that he favors cutting the cost of our military establishment. Yet in the second article, speaking of a policy of graduated deterrence (*i.e.* the ability to use a variety of types of military force to meet varying policy contingencies), he maintains that the problem "is to show them that the West has the capacity to make them pay more for using force than they can hope to gain by it." But to speak of the maintenance of this kind of force is to be talking about a level and flexibility of forces which could add billions to our military budget. Although we doubtless should maintain such forces, there should be no illusions at all about the cost of the kind of weapons which Mr. Healey suggests as necessary to guard over the neutralized belt. If we enjoyed the force levels and the flexibility which is implied here many alternatives would be open, including disengagement.

Clearly disengagement increases alternatives and because it increases alternatives it increases the possibilities of political adventurism. It delays the recourse to total war while increasing the possibility of other ambiguous forms of aggression. But the most important point is that like most things desirable, political alternatives are costly because of the demand they make for alternate forms of military force.

THERE IS one other point which should, perhaps, be made. Mr. Healey seems to have forgotten Korea. He says, for example, that the arms limitations on the conventional forces of the neutral countries would provide "the world's first pilot project in the techniques of disarmament." But is it not true that the Arms Agreement of July, 1953, in Korea and the attendant "inspections" by UN teams was an effort to carry out precisely the suggestion which Mr. Healey offers? And this leads one to suggest that it might be worthwhile to try to make a success of our old policy of disengagement in Korea as a prologue to a more ambitious policy in Europe.

All those from the West, even George Kennan, postulate rearmament as the premise to a policy of disengagement; *not* disarmament. Yet this military corrollary tends to be forgotten. This wishful forgetting is dangerous.

EDWARD L. KATZENBACH, JR.

DR. KATZENBACH *is Director of the Harvard Defense Studies Program.*

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The Superficial Aspect

Kent of *The Sun*

FOR 22 years Frank Richardson Kent, political commentator syndicated in more than a hundred newspapers, was wrong in practically every judgment he made; yet his death last week was a grievous loss to American journalism.

The reason is that Frank Kent, always wrong in his comment, was always right in his character as a newspaperman. He was one of what Riesman calls "the inner-directed" and others less careful in their language call honest men. That is to say, his mistakes were Kent's mistakes, and not those of some ringmaster at the crack of whose whip Kent jumped. Nobody cracked the whip over him, and that counted for more than all his errors. (*Editor's note*: This made for an exciting TRB column when he bore that pseudonym for a few years in the 20's.)

Frank Kent held that it is more important to be honest than to be accurate, a doctrine accounted heresy by those journalists whose logic is derived not directly from *logos,* wisdom, but from *logizesthai,* to calculate. Nevertheless, it is true that you can be accurate to a hair in your statements of fact and yet lie like a campaign orator, lie like Ananias, lie like Satan, the Father of Lies. This you can achieve simply by leaving out the relevant background.

It is perfectly accurate to say that Grover Cleveland once killed a man by looping a rope around his throat and breaking his neck; but it is a thundering lie without the background facts that the man had been sentenced to death by a court of law and Cleveland was then sheriff of the county. It would be rash to say that Kent never wrote in that style, but it is my belief that he never did so consciously and deliberately.

To be accurate is to be safe, as the calculating journalists well know; but to be honest is to invite trouble, and Kent was in it right up to his neck during most of his long life. Like H. L. Mencken, he was a product of the *Baltimore Sun,* and old Grandma *Sun* was frequently appalled by both. Professionally—but not personally—Kent despised Mencken, and Mencken despised Kent; half the time both of them despised the management of the *Sun,* and never hesitated to say so inside the office.

Kent wrote half a dozen books, but the one that established his fame carried the significant title *The Great Game of Politics,* which he afterward applied to his column. Politics was to him a game, never to be taken altogether seriously, but at the same time it was both his strength and his weakness. It made him terrific as a detective of crooked plays, but it blinded him to the possibility that a player can be greater than the game, hence able not to break the rules but to change the rules.

This blind spot disqualified him when it came to comprehending the greatness of the second Roosevelt. By 1936 it had become plain that the man did not abide by the rule-book, and for the remaining 22 years of his life Frank Kent esteemed him a crooked player and a scoundrel. The result, of course, was merely to invalidate most of Kent's criticism, reducing it to mere railing against the fact that time had passed and the rules of the game had been changed.

It is the unavoidable risk of being an individual and one's own man. We all grow old and most of us lose intellectual agility with increasing age. If Roosevelt had come to power when Kent was 40 instead of 60, the story might have been different.

The cause for regret is that this inability to adjust his point of view is likely to give young newspapermen a false perspective on his eminent member of the craft. They will agree that he was a master of an outmoded style, but they are likely to spend more time considering why the style was outmoded than why the man was a master, and thereby miss the profit that they might gain.

FOR THE truth is that Frank Kent and the man he detested were both powerful for the same reason. Both did what they thought was right under the existing circumstances, and assumed the responsibility. Kent himself took no orders from any man and—although this he would have denied fervently—none from the rule-book. If trouble followed, he was ready to face it; and by facing it boldly he usually faced it down. He once called a politician what he was, in such unparliamentary language that he lost a libel suit; but the jury fixed the damages at six cents. Inside his own office he was frequently denounced and occasionally demoted, but never fired. He was too valuable.

He was a loyal and helpful friend and a merry companion, but all that is beside the mark. The lasting value of his long life—he lived nearly 81 years—was the sturdy manhood that made it flatly impossible for him to

> crook the pregnant hinges of the knee
> Where thrift may follow fawning.

When such a newspaperman goes, the craft and the country are poorer.

GERALD W. JOHNSON

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BOOKS & COMMENT

Two Studies in Scientific Atheism

by Robert Graves

BERTRAND RUSSELL spent the first thirty years of his life as a subject of Queen Victoria, in an era of profuse material prosperity, political toughness, social inequality and assiduous church-going. He was born a member of the over-privileged class which then controlled all departments of government, including the Established Church; and is indeed, though he dislikes being reminded of it, a belted Earl. What I miss from this collection of talks and essays is a short biographical statement about Russell's childhood and adolescence that would justify so provocative a title as *Why I Am Not A Christian:* the sort of statement provided by the late Dr. Ernest Jones in his account of the younger Freud to explain certain intemperate obsessions which vitiate the elder Freud's psychological researches. The resentful hatred implicit in all Russell's discussions of early religious and moral training suggests that he lived as a child under constant threats of hellfire, and as an adolescent under frantic obsessions of sexual guilt.

Why I am Not a Christian, and other essays on religion and related subjects, by Bertrand Russell, edited by Paul Edwards (Simon & Schuster; $3.50). *Religion Without Revelation,* by Julian Huxley (Harper; $4).

Warm human affection being apparently denied him, and success at games eluding him because of myopia, he began to cultivate his intellect (which will have left him even lonelier in a sternly anti-intellectual Public School society) and by the turn of the century had become one of Britain's foremost mathematicians. Then, though mathematic genius is as short-lived a flower as athletic prowess—it slowly wilts after the middle twenties—he presently achieved equal eminence in logic and metaphysics. His main obsession seems to have been the desire to free himself from the terrors of his youth, and to free others exposed to the same cruel conditioning.

A courageous free-thinker in the line of John Wilkes, Tom Paine, and Charles Bradlaugh, he has long played the part of fugleman to the "Stage Army of the Good"—as we British call the small band of earnest liberal thinkers who come marching up with banners, slogans, protests and placarded manifestos wherever personal freedom is threatened, justice burked, or sabres rattled.

Generous emotion often beguiles Russell into unsupportable statements. Thus he asserts that "millions of unfortunate women" were burned as witches by mediaeval Christians, when any historian could have warned him to strike three zeros off this estimate; even so, many of these victims were real witches, members of a pre-Christian fertility cult, who died as martyrs to their faith. Again, as an example of senseless superstition, he cites the Deuteronomic ban on seething a kid in its mother's milk. Brief enquiry would have shown that this was a practical rule, directed by the Temple authorities against participation in a heathen rite. The Orphic formula, "like a kid I have fallen into milk," refers to this sacrifice.

RUSSELL's single-minded pursuit of intellectual and moral freedom tempts him to censure Jesus of Nazareth himself, his principal charges being that Jesus believed in hellfire, threatened his hearers with it if they refused to obey him, and decried family affection. On the contrary, however, Jesus (like his saintly predecessor Hillel) preached God's mercy as extended to the full wherever a man showed the least spark of repentance for sins of greed, faithlessness, cruelty or the like. Hell, in Hillel's and Jesus' view, was reserved for those who deliberately and maliciously chose the path of evil. Jesus also insisted on perfect family affection, except in the rare case of one member choosing the path of evil: after all attempts to restrain him had failed, he might be regarded as dead.

Often Russell, though hedging himself with an unresolved doubt as to Jesus' historical existence, uses the Gospels as a stick to beat Christians with:

> Christ taught that you should not fight, that you should not go to Church, that you should not punish adultery.

True, Jesus was orthodox enough to discourage armed rebellion against the Romans, arguing that in the approaching Battle of Armageddon the legionaries would be more effectively engaged by hosts of avenging angels than by undisciplined Galilean peasants armed only with daggers. But to forbid warfare on moral grounds would have been to condemn Moses and his fellow-Israelites for defending themselves against their enemies in the Wilderness, and Joshua for seizing the Promised Land.

Nor did he forbid his disciples to attend synagogue services—"Church" did not yet exist—but himself expounded Scripture in the synagogues of Nazareth and Capernaum. He certainly never forbade the punishment of adultery. This would have been to gainsay the Mosaic Law, not one jot or tittle of which, he declared, should ever pass away; but once, it seems, when a woman was charged with using witchcraft for adulterous purposes in some Samarian village—Jerusalem is historically ruled out as the scene of the incident, and so is plain adultery as the charge—Jesus counselled a scrupulous observation of *Deuteronomy* xvii. 2-7: the first stones must be flung at the witch, not by the crowd at large, but by the eye-witnesses of her crime. He then courageously reminded these that, to avoid Divine wrath, they must be free from sin themselves before they let fly. Thus he saved the woman's life and gave her an opportunity for repentance.

AS A MASTER of metaphysics, Russell has little difficulty in demolishing the stock Catholic philosophical arguments held to prove the existence of God: the First Cause Argument, the Natural Law Argument, the Moral Argument, the Argument from Design, the Remedying of Injustice Argument. But

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he cannot avoid granting *de facto* recognition to the idea of God, since trustworthy statistics show a constant increase of religious worship in the United States throughout the present century. At the worst, God persists as a solemn metaphor for the Ultimate: even agnostics will say "God only knows." What is more, the editor includes in this collection a lyrical early essay (1903), *A Free Man's Worship,* which grants God a favorable mention. Russell does not altogether disavow this piece, but excuses it as "the outcome of an experience not unlike what religious people call conversion. . . . I became suddenly and vividly aware of the loneliness in which most people live, and passionately desirous of finding ways of diminishing this tragic isolation." His view there is that mankind has been condemned to live in a hostile universe, but that:

> . . . In this lies man's true freedom: in determination to worship only the God created by our own love of the good, to respect only the heaven which inspires the insight of our best moments. In action, in desire, we must submit perpetually to the tyranny of outside forces; but in thought, in aspiration, we are free, free from our fellow men, free from the petty planet on which our bodies impotently crawl, free even, while we live, from the tyranny of death. Let us learn, then, that energy of faith which enables us to live constantly in the vision of the good; and let us descend, in action, into the world of fact, with that vision always before us.

Organized religion is to him an infection of the hostile world, "a disease born of fear and a source of untold misery to the human race." He himself has not entirely escaped the infection: "the petty planet on which our bodies impotently crawl" is a slavish phrase borrowed from the Evangelical pulpit. Nevertheless:

> Science can help us to get over this craven fear in which mankind has lived for so many generations. Science can teach us, and I think our own hearts can teach us, no longer to look around for imaginary supports, no longer to invent allies in the sky, but rather to look to our own efforts here below to make this world a fit place to live in, instead of the sort of place that the churches in all these centuries have made it.

His further contention that free-thinking had won mankind more benefits than had the exercise of so-called Christian charity, by forcing on the Church successive mitigations of its cruel and heartless reign, was later challenged by the rise of Stalinism and Hitlerism, movements clearly derived from Godless free-thinking. Russell side-stepped the issue by noting that Stalin had been trained for the Orthodox priesthood; and that Hitler was using the methods of the Spanish Inquisition to secure executive power.

BY WAY of an appendix, Professor Edwards records an unfortunate occurrence in 1940, when Russell was appointed Professor of Philosophy at New York City College, a State-supported institution. His duties were to lecture on the relation of logic to science, mathematics, and philosophy; also on the reciprocal influence of metaphysics and scientific theory. A bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church protested against the appointment. Despite Russell's philosophical eminence, could he be trusted not to infect the students with his militant atheism, his advocacy of pre-marital sexual commerce, his recommendation of nudism, and his condonation of marital unfaithfulness? The Faculty stood fast, but Tammany Hall and the Catholics supported the Episcopalians, and a convenient tax-payer was found to file suit in the New York Supreme Court for voiding Russell's appointment on moral grounds. As a result, Judge McGeehan revoked it as an "insult to the American people." However, Russell was soon lecturing with acclaim at Harvard, an endowed university not subject to veto from the tax-paying populace, and his much-publicized championship of intellectual freedom later won him the Nobel Prize for Literature—an award that caused some surprise, since he had made no notable contribution to literature as such. Still, Professor Edwards notes, it could be applauded as a nasty smack in the eye for the Episcopal Church, Judge McGeehan, and Tammany Hall.

At the age of 86, Russell still boldly declares that, in his opinion, "all the great religions of the world, Buddhism, Hinduism, Christianity, Islam, and Communism, are both untrue and harmful." He includes Communism (though plainly no religion, but an avowedly materialistic faith) to scotch the charge passionately flung at him by the American press, that he is a dangerous Red. But must Jews regard the omission of Judaism from his list as a denial of its greatness, or does he hesitate (for anti-anti-Semitic reasons) to make out a case for its harmfulness? We may never know.

Another collection of essays on the same general subject, *Religion Without Revelation,* has been re-published by a

April in the Country

WE STAYED too long with the red candles
sniffing among the Christmas garlands,
loath to be lifted from a winter-manger,
and even allowing cowhands to carol
Silent Night in genteel protection
against the implacable press of time.

In that winter with sanctification we often
built a holy stable where we could see
enlightened cattle have visions and donkeys
nod endearments to a blessed virgin;
yes, it was most froward of the soul
to be in need of such extreme devotions.

But now comes April with its charlatan
merriments spilled out of the barns,
out of the silo, out of restraining doors,
suddenly one kisses young calves and
tries to capture God like a lamb
or a pullet in the blooming orchard.

DAVID CORNIL DEJONG

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distinguished colleague of Russell's—Professor Julian Huxley, sometime Director-General of UNESCO. It first appeared thirty years ago, but is now brought up to date. Huxley (born 1887) was somewhat luckier in his early life than Russell. He recalls that, as children, he and his brother Aldous "escaped invocation of the fear of Hell and the wrath of God in relation to the ordinary delinquencies of boyhood." Their father being a son of the celebrated biologist Thomas Huxley, and their mother a granddaughter of the equally celebrated pedagogue, Dr. Arnold of Rugby, "the home atmosphere combined puritan morality with religious unorthodoxy, and intellectual freedom with a sense of the ultimateness and supreme value of truth and goodness." The brothers, it appears, were given no formal religious education at home, apart from certain simple prayers introducing the word "God," and some brief account of Jesus' life; a regimen that kept them uncomfortably out of touch with their orthodox school-fellows. Polite visits to church at Christmas, Easter and Harvest Thanksgiving, but no regular church-going, made the young Julian Huxley feel cheated of religious communion, his native birthright. A passionate devotion to wild-flowers and poetry could not supply this lack, nor could the intellectual exercises which he imposed on himself in a resolve to serve the world by patient scientific research. Yet he had this in common with the young Bertrand Russell: that his family's awesome reticence on all sexual matters confused and disturbed him, as also did his guilty sense of belonging to the governing class.

HUXLEY's education at Eton, a school for tough, rich Empire-builders, culminated in a nervous break-down; but he never felt the urge to become an aggressive free-thinker and, though now holding that "God is one of several hypotheses and an inadequate one," admits that a religious devotee is happier than a skeptic, and that it is necessary to believe in *something*. Alas, in what can a conditioned skeptic believe? Christian dogma, when he came to examine it, left him cold and, like Russell, he decided that science alone could provide a satisfactory basis for belief—by ruling out all faiths dependent on revelation or magic. He writes that "myths are irrational, being founded on incomplete knowledge and false premises" and, disagreeing with Russell's view that all religions are necessarily evil, longs for a single sensible one which will some day unify all spiritual aspirations and all knowledge.

A SHORT ESSAY in this collection deals with the defeat of the old magical gods by the new improved philosophical gods; but he concludes that the Christian God, who eventually triumphed over his unimproved rivals, is now in rapid decline:

> Today he can no longer be considered as the controller of the universe in any but a Pickwickian sense. Operationally he is beginning to resemble not a ruler, but the last fading smile of a comic Cheshire Cat . . .

(It looks as if Huxley was subjected to severe religious pressure at his preparatory school and at Eton; surely so gentle a man would not otherwise have indulged in such jauntily vulgar metaphor?) And he quotes various definitions of religion. Huxley himself, basing his view on the writings of Drs. R. R. Marett and Rudolph Otto, defines religion as *"awe of what is sacred."*

It is strange that he did not take the simple scientific precaution of finding the etymology and therefore the original meaning, of "religion." The Roman Catholics preach that the Latin *religio* represents *re-ligio,* "the sense of being bound back to God." But that cannot be, since *re,* the first syllable, is long, not short, and Lucretius, an early writer, spells the word *relligio.* The *ll* denotes an elision; and the only consonant that could have been elided before the second *i* is an *m.* Thus *relligio* must be formed from *rem legere:* "to choose the very thing"; which confirms Frazer's view (based on a lifelong study of European folk customs) that religion is the exact art of propitiating the external powers.

Huxley, as a small boy, turned religious in this original sense when he spontaneously initiated a private rite one Easter: every year he would visit a neighboring copse before breakfast to pick great armfuls of white cherry blossom for the saining of his puritanical home—the sacredness of the day and the sense of pilgrimage, he writes, drew out his suppressed feelings of holiness. Though unaware that Easter had once been a pagan festival of the Love-goddess Eostre, to whom white fruit-blossom was offered, he chose the very thing in her honor, and further confirmed the religious peculiarity of his rite by never picking flowers before breakfast on any other day of the year.

This religious custom fell into desuetude after four Easters, as his inspired sense of holiness was gradually stifled by formal education; a change which he does not, however, connect with the intellectual pursuits to which he was devoting himself, though he quotes as a parallel Wordsworth's similar experiences in the *Intimations of Immortality.* The fact is that "philosophy" not only (as stated by Lucretius) rids man of religious terrors, but also banishes that sense of illumination which from time to time lightens the heart.

Huxley rests great hopes on the scientific spirit, which

> . . . is making its influence felt by its uncompromising hostility to all the magical or semi-magical or superstitious elements in religion; its insistence upon natural law; its achievements in controlling nature; its narrowing down

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the field of the supernatural towards a vanishing point. If the process continues—and in spite of conflict there is every appearance of its so doing—religious thought is due to enter on a new phase of relative stability, based upon the naturalistic and humanistic outlook brought in by the scientific spirit. . . .

UNLIKE Russell, Huxley is in favor of Jesus to the degree of ascribing to him the "great discovery" that perfect love of God casts out fear—which happens to have been orthodox Pharisaic doctrine preached long before the Christian era. He also cheerfully ascribes to St. Paul the pre-Christian Jewish doctrine that God is a Universal Deity who offers salvation to all who obey His Law—irrespective of race, rank, or sex. And he flatly contradicts Russell by glorifying Christianity for its "dethronement of false primitive values based on cruelty and pride, and their replacement by love, mercy, sacrifice and humility."

True religion implies awe, ecstasy, possession, the hair rising on the worshipper's nape, tears of joy breaking from his eyes: in this condition he soon learns to choose the very thing. Huxley's talk of a universal religion on science, "that shall unite man in brotherhood," is as woolly as such talk must always be. Religion needs *bite,* and science can never supply the necessary teeth. The pursuit of science (to borrow its own jargon) produces no abnormal psychosomatic effect in its devotees. At its best, it furnishes fascinating intellectual problems for a few bright research-fellows to solve, and makes possible the manufacture of numerous labor-saving amenities. But it also destroys numerous ancient amenities; dulls the minds of its countless mechanical servitors; separates man more and more from his natural context in wild nature; and so far enthrones intellect as the greatest of all human attributes as to remove all checks on its irresponsible functioning.

It is a pity that these two philosophers cannot overcome their complacency at having somehow kept sane, throughout the emotional hazards of childhood, by the exercise of stern intellectual self-discipline, will not pause to consider dispassionately, in practical terms, whether myth and magic should be extinguished by science. Had they been born into some as yet unmissionized African tribe, they would not have suffered from the torturing sexual inhibitions of their Victorian childhood, or from any aggrieved sense of having been given the wrong sort of religious training. Soul-shaking magical initiation rites at puberty would have taken care of that: for one great mistake of the Christian Church has been a failure to combine the ceremony of First Communion with a dramatic religious disclosure of sexual mysteries. They might also have learned to respect myth as the practical authorization of social change by priestly fable and drama. Someone—I have forgotten who, forgive me!—called man a religious animal, and religious he must continue to be, because of the uncontrollable imaginative processes which take over the human mind when its crucial function is in abeyance.

ANOTHER great mistake of the Church has been to freeze its myths beyond the point where they can be unfrozen. If the Christian God finally abdicates and is succeeded by some more immediately potent deity or deities, the reason will be that his myth no longer corresponds with recent developments in the Western social system. He is still presented as an absolute Oriental male monarch, too holy ever to reveal himself in public, whose existence is apprehended only by a symbolic male dove, his spiritual emanation; and whom mortals cannot approach unless they have first secured the good offices of his sole son. This son, formerly a mortal, is said to have been parthenogenously born from a mother who, though now assumed to Heaven, does not participate in his godhead. The Father-god's royal court consists of winged, sexless angels having no other functions but to offer him perpetual adulation, and to stand ready with swords and spears for battle against those hosts of darkness whose evil machinations he strangely permits.

In modern republics and in constitutional monarchies (often ruled by queens) this myth makes little sense. If the system, refined by the ancient Greeks, Libyans, Palestinians and Irish, and perpetuated by present-day Africans, of keeping divine myths abreast of the times, had been maintained in the Western world for the last two millennia, all the major social and political changes that have meanwhile occurred would be wholesomely incorporated in Christian dogma. For the United States, God would now appear as a sage, democratic, always accessible, President; assisted by his son, an industrious Vice-President; by arch-angels, acting as his Secretaries of State; and by angels, as representatives of various sectional interests.

How long any such myth continued viable would depend, of course, on the survival of the present wholly masculine idea-system; for one can credibly postulate the system's eventual collapse, even without atomic wars, and recourse thereupon taken to the underdeveloped riches of the female mind. Such a change would restore to myth either goddesses or such bi-sexual deities (importations from West Africa) as figure powerfully in Haitian Voodoo. I mention this possibility because, apart from Russell's concern for the harassed working mother of pre-Welfare State Britain, and his advocacy of frequent pre-marital, and occasional extra-marital, sexual adventures; and apart from Huxley's scorn for the mawkish sentimentality of certain female church-goers, there is hardly a mention in either book—and none in Aldous Huxley's more ambitious *Perennial Philosophy*—of a most crucial religious question, namely the proper spiritual relation of the sexes. Priestesses were banished from all civilized countries with the downfall of the Olympians, because the Church would not trust women to direct even the religious affairs of women. Does their continued exclusion from religious life, except as deaconesses, Sunday-school teachers, and the like, make for social stability? Would the triumph of science—most women are distinctly short on science—improve their position?

As a scientist, Huxley advocates naturalistic religion. Anthropology is, of course, a department of science, and scientists are concerned with recording and classifying primitive customs before they die out. The primitive habit of objec-

Coming

The Cold Eye of Mary McCarthy

by Robert E. Fitch

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tifying human aspirations, fears and obsessions by calling them "gods" is as logically tenable as the scientific habit of coining abstractions and formulating laws. Moreover, gods, though courteously named "immortal," can at least be challenged and superseded by deities corresponding more closely with natural passionate human demands: demands never satisfied by immutable scientific laws and abstractions. But primitive religion is entailed in magic, which scientists consider based on false premises.

Dr. Arnold defined religion as "morality tinged with emotion." "Tinged," forsooth! Religious morals, in a healthy society, are best enforced by drums, moonlight, fasting, dancing, masks, flowers, divine possession; though Professors Russell and Huxley are unlikely to accept this thesis. As a boy, Russell invoked Apollo, the cold God of Science, to rescue him from the Infernal demons that oppressed his childhood; Huxley, in his turn, invoked Apollo to smother the social embarrassment caused by having privately felt awe for Our Lady of the Wild Things. Both now believe Apollo capable not only of superseding the senile Christian God, but of initiating a new Golden Age of perfect naturalistic freedom. Will even their fellow-scientists agree with them?

One odd emotional phenomenon, common to both books, is an inveterate hatred of Roman Catholicism. I am reminded of Nell Gwynn: when her sedan-chair was mobbed by an angry London crowd, who mistook her for the extravagant Duchess of Kendall, King Charles II's Catholic mistress, she looked out through the curtains and cried with spirit: "Let me be, good people! I am the King's *Protestant* whore." English ruling-class conditioning has made both Huxley and Russell (now decorated with the Order of Merit), Queen Elizabeth II's *Protestant* atheists.

How Should We Rate Dos Passos?

by James T. Farrell

JOHN DOS PASSOS is one of the few living American writers who is a world figure. Abroad, his books are sometimes cited as criticisms of American capitalism and as novels which expose American claims and propaganda. At home, Dos Passos is now regarded by some of his former admirers as a man who has made a complete turn, and has abandoned liberalism for the extreme right; he has gone from *The New Republic* to *The National Review*. In consequence, he is regretfully considered as writing in a state of *rigor mortis*, and tears—mostly of the crocodile variety—are shed for him. He is a source of shame and danger to the Madison Avenue psychological warriors who would defeat the Kremlin by selling the USA as though it were the biggest cake of perfumed soap in history; his books are not very useful to the People-to-People geniuses and cannot be sent through the gaping holes of the Iron Curtain with as much success as can stamp kits and hobbycraft chat. And he cannot be cited as a novelist of the liberal spirit, fighting reaction and perpetuating the New Deal spirit. Therefore, he is a good man gone wrong. And a good man gone wrong is, *ipso facto*, unworthy of consideration as a man of letters. Dos Passos' liberalism has so decayed that his lifetime of work is not as important as two short stories and one wooden novel by Lionel Trilling. His credentials as a writer might just as well be taken away from him and he might best be forgotten. He is no longer one of us. He cannot write anyway because the new critics do not study him and Mark Shorer probably would not approve of him.

The Great Days, by John Dos Passos (Sagamore; $4.50).

Thus the level of concern for a writer in this Republic after it has come of age, lost its innocence, become a world leader. Thus the destiny of any man who is guilty of the sin of disillusionment. You must be for something, because in both the liberal and the conservative camps, there is no political future for one who is not for something. After some decades of trying, we have failed even in convincing our friends that a novelist does not necessarily have to be for, and that a writer should not be judged in terms of immediate political considerations. It is in vain. Philistinism and self-righteousness are too numerous to be destroyed.

DOS PASSOS deserves reconsideration and his recent novel, *The Great Days*, helps us to see what he is about. In his own feeling, he is a libertarian. During his long literary career, he has been concerned with bigness. Bigness and liberty are not easily compatible. Dos Passos has always been a novelist of disillusionment, and this is central in his thinking. "War," wrote Randolph Bourne, "is the health of the state." Bourne, whose example moved Dos Passos in the 1920's, was writing in criticism of the liberals who supported the American entry into the First World War, and who believed that the war and the victory over Hohenzollern Germany could be used to further democratic and liberal ends, thereby making "the world safe for democracy," or at least more safe. While the Second World War was already in progress, Dos Passos wrote of "the angry young men" of the post-war world of the 1920's; he was one of them himself. He said, in *The Ground We Stand On:*

> . . . we mustn't forget that they were right to be angry, the American republic was just another piece of stage scenery, so crudely painted as to deceive only the rankest suckers, that masked a slaughterhouse of industrial exploitation. They [the angry young men of the post-Versailles world] had seen the physical power of lies to kill and destroy. To men who still had the smell of blood and rotting flesh in their nostrils any chance seemed worth taking that might lead to a better world.

Dos Passos' reputation really was established with his novel of post-war disillusion, *Three Soldiers*. To this day, it remains one of the very best of twentieth century American war novels, and it describes the ordinary soldier trapped in the army machine, one of the instruments of the state grown healthy in war. Here, we find the theme of bigness, bigness in which the individual is lost, developed as a cause of disillusion. That Dos Passos was fascinated by bigness is apparent from the experimental novels which followed *Three Soldiers*. *Manhattan Transfer* attempted to make the city, New

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York, the chief protagonist of a novel, and the trilogy, *USA*, was Dos Passos' attempt to characterize America. In the famous portraits of real figures in *USA*, there is a contrast between the lonely liberals and radicals who thought and fought and lost, and the men of power and money. Bourne and Veblen and Big Bill Haywood in contrast to Woodrow Wilson and Henry Ford. And there is the ultimate victim, Wesley Everett, murdered by a Legion mob, and there is the Unknown Soldier.

OUT OF THE WAR came a period of the big money and the big power. Some of the angry young men looked to Marx and the Soviet Union, but before a new hope could be assimilated, a new type of bigness had been exposed. Class war and civil war, in Russia and Spain, again reveal the health of the state or its equivalent. Power and lies crush the individual. From *USA* to *One Man's Story* the theme of disillusionment extends. The hope of those lonely and defeated ones, the Veblens, Bournes and Haywoods, is muted; it fades. Out of the *USA* which Dos Passos sought to frame in his trilogy, there came the New Deal, offspring of the New Freedom, and out of that world which disillusioned him in his young manhood, there came the Second World War.

The Great Days is a panoramic novel of the Second World War and its aftermath. However, Dos Passos tells the story and unfolds his panorama through the memory, experience and changing fate of a famous journalist. Ro Lancaster is 59, and in the post-war world, he has become a has-been. Drawing all his money, $3000, from the bank, he flies to Cuba with a redheaded gal who is thirty years his junior, physically striking, lost and frigid. Elsa is like a daughter of a character from *USA*. Lancaster seeks to refind love, but he is too old, too marred by experience. The seeds of disillusion are planted deep. The action of the novel ensues on two planes, present and past. Lancaster, going downhill, remembers the Great Days. These are recalled in terms of his own past, his love for his wife, Grace, who died of cancer, their life together, and the scenes and events he has witnessed as a reporter. This permits Dos Passos to describe wartime Washington, war and the functioning of the supply line in the Pacific, the Nuremburg Trials, post-war Paris. And since Dos Passos is an excellent journalist, his description of the Great Days is vivid. One of his characters, Robert Thurloe, new Secretary of Defense, clearly suggests Forrestal.

But the Great Days are over and Ro Lancaster is one of yesterday's celebrities. He sees, in the rise of Soviet power, newer and graver dangers than those of the past. His trip to Havana is a mistake and, broke, he puts the girl on a bus in Milwaukee; he sinks into the nondescript crowd in the bus station. A full circle has been travelled. From the soldier caught in the gears of the big army machine of World War I, Dos Passos has pursued the themes of liberty and bigness through to the present; his fading celebrity slips back into a life of commonness and anonymity.

John Dos Passos writes with great ease and he is technically inventive. He has conceived various means to write the story of his times as he sees it. *The Great Days* is a well and even an ingeniously constructed book. It is remarkable to think of how much it takes in, because the novel is only of normal length. Dos Passos has always been best at establishing scenes, rather than in portraying characters with depth and strong individuality. The characters reflect a world that is constantly changing, bringing failure and defeat.

Ro Lancaster had written a book, *Blueprints For the Future*. "Nobody read it. What's the use of writing things nobody reads. . . . All that was left of our hopes of those days was a nightmare, a nightmare often recurrent. . . . The whole implacable ocean pours out past that sandspit, sweeping me away, sweeping me to oblivion. . . ." This is Ro. The broken hopes of youth and of the days when this century was young have never been repaired. The expectations of the Wilsonian period have never been recovered. The later disappointments of the New Deal and the Second World War and the post-war era arouse less anger and, in the end, there is resignation. This is the sense of Dos Passos' writing as I can gauge it. He has honestly recorded the play of hope and disappointment over four decades. He has done this with dignity and seriousness.

THE FUTURE will tell how right or wrong he has been, and I personally think and respond differently than he does. From *Three Soldiers* to *The Great Days*, we can see in Dos Passos the effort of one man of talent and sensibility to take hold of this changing play of forces in our life. It is worthy of new attention and a fresh evaluation. Dos Passos' work is a true, constructive achievement.

" . . . Until some unmistakable portent comes along, such as Nixon's resigning his office and going to Africa as a missionary, common sense requires the hypothesis that he has not changed."

Beware the Tender Trap

Margaret Halsey's controversial
New Republic article

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Notes on Contributors

ROBERT GRAVES is one of the most eminent men in modern British letters. As a result of his original and startling contributions to the study of comparative religion, Mr. Graves was elected to the Royal Anthropological Society in 1954. JAMES T. FARRELL is a celebrated American novelist, the author of *Studs Lonigan* and other widely-read works. VERA MICHELES DEAN has written several books, most recently *The Nature of the Non-Western World*. WILFRED E. BINKLEY, a historian on the faculty of Ohio Northern University, was once Republican mayor of Ada, Ohio.

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Our Images of China and India

by Vera Micheles Dean

JUST AS in the 17th Century, to quote Paul Tillich, "the decentralization of the earth was a great shock to the mind of man," so today the decentralization of the West as the focus of ideas and power for the universe has disoriented Westerners — and most of all Americans who lacked the practical knowledge acquired by Europeans in their two or three centuries of colonial rule.

Scratches on Our Minds: American Images of China and India, by Harold R. Isaacs (John Day; $6.75).

If we are to emerge from our state of shock, of which our attitude toward Communist China is the most dramatic but by no means the only example, the first step in mental therapy is to discover what it is we think about non-Western peoples and why we think as we do. This is what Harold R. Isaacs, a veteran journalist and perceptive student of world affairs, who has had extensive experience in Asia, has undertaken to do in a book based on work he did at the MIT Center of International Studies.

In this book, a chapter of which appeared earlier in this journal, Mr. Isaacs reports the results of an inquiry he made into "some American ideas and impressions of China and India, and particulary of Chinese and Indians as people." Mr. Isaacs interviewed 181 individuals whom he regards as "representative examples of American leadership types, products of American education, religion and politics." Those interviewed, he points out, were not polled in the usual sense of a sample survey, but were carefully selected on two grounds: by "key place in a given sphere," chosen "according to *who* or *what* they were"; and by "the degree of their involvement in Asian affairs." Out of these interviews the author, assembling the "scratches" on the minds of those with whom he talked, delineates an "emergent profile" of what Americans think about the two great nations on the Asian mainland which have profoundly affected our lives, our thoughts and our policies in the past decade. Identifying himself in terms of his own interviews, he believes he would "probably turn up 'liberal,' meaning only that I find more sense in Chester Bowles' views about Asia than in Senator Knowland's."

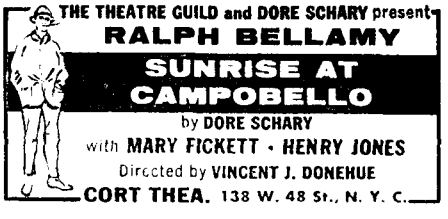
Here is no arid technical dissection of various points of view, nor a laundry list of pros and cons. Mr. Isaacs, skillfully combining research with journalism, has produced a continuously fascinating study which, in spite of its length, can no more be laid down than a first-rate detective story. For here, in effect, is the story of an exceptionally valuable attempt to detect the inner workings of American minds when invited to convey their images of the Chinese and Indian peoples. Mr. Isaacs keeps statistics to a minimum, and instead reports the responses of those interviewed in a stream-of-consciousness manner which makes for illuminating and often exciting reading. And, fortunately, his sense of humor enables him to see the United States in its relationships to China and India without the pedantry, the moralizing, and the clichés which studies of this character too often invite. In short, this book is a gold mine of material in which precious nuggets will be found by political scientists and psychologists, by economists and philosophers, and by any thoughtful citizen who wants to get to the roots which have nurtured our policy in Asia.

WHAT are these roots? Each reader will make up his own list on the basis of Mr. Isaacs' rich and varied storehouse of "scratches." Here are some which emerge most clearly in my own mind:

Lack of historical knowledge. While some of those interviewed are familiar with the historical development of the Chinese and Indian peoples, most of them seem to react to these peoples who have millenial histories as if they had just met them *de novo* in the headlines of our newspapers. Problems that arise in our relations with China and India are interpreted, for the most part, not with some reference to the traditions and contemporary conditions of China and India, but with emphasis on their "strangeness" as compared with our own traditions and contemporary conditions, and are appraised not for their impact on situations we and they share, but almost invariably for their impact on the United States.

Lack of historical perspective. Knowing little of the events that have shaped China and India as we see them today, we tend, judging by the reactions of those interviewed by Mr. Isaacs, to expect from the Chinese and the Indians ideas and practices for which their history, if known and understood by us, could not possibly have prepared them. There is much head-shaking over various aspects of life in China and India which are regarded as "evil," and over the failure of the two peoples to produce democracy and free private enterprise as we know them in the United States.

Influence of missionary thinking. The most dominant influence on American thinking about China and India reported by Mr. Isaacs is unquestionably that of missionaries, either conveyed directly by those interviewed or affecting them through accounts of missionary activities heard in childhood and adolescence. No responsible student of the non-Western peoples would minimize the value of the contribution made by American missionaries, Protestants and Catholics, particularly in the fields of education, health and welfare. Nevertheless, the imprint made by the attitudes of missionaries on the minds both of Americans and Asians cannot but be regarded as a liability for this country's foreign policy today. For Mr. Isaacs makes it clear, again and again, that many of the missionaries brought to their tasks an assumption of moral superiority toward the "wicked" and "benighted" heathen which to the Chinese and Indians, with their ancient civilizations, their great philosophies and religions, and their contributions to art and literature, must have sounded no less arrogant than the political and economic superiority assumed by the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colonial powers of Western Europe. The miracle is that the non-Westerners are not as hostile to us as they might readily have become after hearing such expressions of American sentiment as the well-known hymn, now fortunately being eliminated from some hymn-books, which, after describing the sweep of geography "from Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand," calmly adds, "Where every prospect pleases, and only man is vile."

Assumption of "White" Supremacy. Both missionaries and politicians, as well as other Americans, have regarded the Chinese and Indians, with their vast populations, as "masses," or "hordes"—as faceless waves of humanity undifferentiated except for a few individuals with whom they dealt in diplomacy, in business or church work, in scholarly pursuits or in travel, and of course a few leaders projected large on our mental screens such as Chiang Kai-shek or Nehru. Again and again in the interviews the tendency to regard the peoples of China and India as "uncivilized" recurs like a *leit-motiv*. And it soon becomes clear that "uncivilization" is defined in terms that convey a mixture of "white" supremacy, defined as the superiority of the whites over peoples of color, and of assumed superiority because the white man possesses the tools of modern technology and modern warfare, as compared with the brown, the black, the yellow, who still live in feudal conditions and primitive economies.

This double superiority, of color and techniques, is accompanied by a desire to "look after" the "uncivilized," to treat them as "wards," which is hard to distinguish from Kipling's "white man's burden" that so many Americans took pleasure in deriding before we ourselves shouldered the "burden" of Point Four and other assistance programs. This attitude, partly supercilious, partly sentimental, has been severely shaken by the realization that it may not take too long for the uncivilized to become "civilized" in our sense of the word—up to and including use of atomic energy, for peacetime purposes, we hope, but conceivably for warfare unless the United States and the USSR agree to suspend nuclear tests and to end nuclear weapons production. As John J. McCloy, chairman of the Chase Manhattan Bank, said about the Russians after the Sputniks, "the Russians are no longer peasants."

Inability to put ourselves in other peoples' places. And, finally, these various roots of our present attitudes make it difficult for us to get rid of our ethnocentrism, to put ourselves in the place of other peoples, to see the events in which we are all participating from their point of view as well as ours. This inability causes us to be often blind about the psychological reactions of non-Westerners, as was demonstrated by the manner in which Washington withdrew the offer it had made to Nasser to build the Aswan Dam. It causes us to expect that other peoples should buy our manufactured goods, and supply us with the raw materials needed for our industry, but to be surprised when they want to increase their exports to this country so as to pay for our exports and to repay our loans —while at the same time we complain about "giveaway aid programs" and "handouts" to the once "benighted." It causes us to be shocked when the "uncivilized" presume to act independently in world affairs, even though we had previously supported their struggle for independence—as in the case of India: for after analyzing the wide range of views expressed by the interviews, from admiration to revulsion, one gets the impression that we could put up with many of the things Americans dislike about the Indians, from the caste system to the use of cow-dung for fuel, except for one thing. What really troubles us most of all is that Mr. Nehru does not always agree with us, and that like ourselves, Indians tend to moralize in public statements on foreign policy.

Given the conclusions to be drawn from Mr. Isaacs' book, of which only the highlights can be mentioned here, what can we do in the future to improve our ability to deal with other peoples on the basis of their realities, and not our illusions—on the basis of understanding, not of false assumptions?

First, and most obviously, we should study history in a way we have never done before. We should study history not only at the college level, but far more important, in our elementary and secondary schools, where the minds of our citizens are formed. And we should study history not as viewed only by the United States, or only by Western Europe, but on a global scale, including the non-Western civilizations.

Second, we must learn to respect at home, so that we can also respect abroad, values of spirit and culture, not only technological and military values. The Sputniks have caused us to reappraise our education. But what we need is to reappraise our entire scale of values, which is reflected in our education.

Third, American scholars should be encouraged to follow the trail so ably and imaginatively blazed by Mr. Isaacs. Just think what we might learn about rethinking our foreign policy if we could study "scratches on our minds" about Russia! And we urgently need a study of the "scratches" on the minds of Russians, Chinese, Indians and other peoples, which could be put together into a coherent image of what the United States looks like to them.

Lincoln's Republican Successors

by Wilfred E. Binkley

THIS is no history of the Republican Party as the title might seem to suggest. The sub-title, *A Study in Administrative History,* is the key to the book—the fourth volume of a series starting with Washington's Administration. This volume opens in the era of the "mule-drawn street cars" of Washington, D. C. just after Congress, in the midst of the post-Civil War hysteria, had made its savage drive against Andrew Johnson and well-nigh sabotaged the Presidency. Out of the ensuing confusion the Senate emerged as the dominant organ of Government with President Grant naïvely abetting it, in its hegemony, while the Administration drifted into the "nadir of corruption." One Cabinet member after another and

The Republican Era: 1869-1901: A Study in Administrative History, by Leonard D. White (Macmillan; $6).

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even the President's private secretary among others contributed to the worst "mess in Washington" in our history. It is an anomoly of GOP history that the only Republican President ever to serve two full terms was the least competent one the party has elected.

THE INAUGURATION of President Hayes brought an about face in every disreputable trend of Grant's Administration. Grant had freely dispensed appointments to relatives, while Hayes refused to appoint even a well-qualified applicant solely because his "wife was a favorite niece of Mrs. Hayes." One wonders what would have happened if this first resolute protagonist of Civil Service Reform in the office of President had not arrived when he did. Hayes fought the dominant Senate oligarchy to a standstill on their determination to dictate his Cabinet appointments. By his inflexibility in the face of prolonged Senate opposition he cleaned out the New York Custom House of Senator Conkling's protegés. It was Hayes' successor, Garfield, who, at the price of his very life, wrecked the Conkling machine and retired the Senator to private life. Garfield's *Diary* apparently impressed Mr. White although it was on his long and brilliant Congressional career rather than his short Presidency that his reputation rests. President Cleveland dealt the Senate its final crushing blow whereupon that body deliberately surrendered by initiating the repeal of the bone of contention, the Tenure of Office Act.

The floundering of the House of Representatives with finance half a century before the Budget Bureau was established was appalling. Both the Departments and the Appropriations Committees casually assumed that the estimates would be deliberately padded. Garfield's *Diary* persistently reveals his deep concern. "His budget speech in 1874 was statesmanlike in its tenor" observed White. And again, "Garfield was a man endowed with great capacity for work, a robust physical constitution, and a conscientious sense of duty to be performed."

In the generation under study there was scarcely any other conception of Administration than the perfunctory performance of statutory assignments. No theory of finance as a means of executive control was dreamed of half a century before the Budget Bureau was created. Only Cleveland made any attempt at fiscal control. There had been no preparation for the Spanish War and President McKinley managed strategy without a staff. The childish wrangling of the Army and Navy before the capture of Santiago suggests a problem pending even today. Not until young Woodrow Wilson published his article, "The Study of Administration," in 1887 was any attention directed to the fundamental principles of administration.

As a former Civil Service Commissioner, Mr. White was most at home in his treatment of reform in that area. The tirades of the opposition against reform are positively exciting. But when President Harrison appointed young Theodore Roosevelt to the Commission in 1889 there was one who met the attacks of the spoilsmen with a joyous counter offensive. The Pendleton Act had authorized Presidents to transfer jobs from patronage to the classified service but Cleveland's sweeping transfer, at the end of his Presidency, of thousands including even political chiefs of agencies left McKinley no choice but his famous "rollback." The battle for reform of the civil service was a prolonged one but, as White observed, the rapid growth of government personnel was dooming the patronage system. Congressmen in time came to welcome the relief from the pressures of patronage.

By the end of the era anti-intellectualism was declining, as university professors were increasingly called into federal service. In the rank and file of the civil service the college graduate was supplanting those with only an elementary or high school education. Nothing is more striking than the contrast between the prevailing ethical standards of the Grant and the McKinley administration. Professor White repeatedly recognized the outstanding contributions to this trend by Hayes, Cleveland, and McKinley.

MOVIES

A Young Lion

THE CHIEF ATTRACTION in the 20th Century-Fox film of Irwin Shaw's novel *The Young Lions* is Marlon Brando's performance as a German soldier. Brando's career has now reached the point where, in itself, it clearly merits serious discussion, but first let's consider this most recent film of his as a whole.

Shaw's overlong, occasionally moving but somewhat glib novel juxtaposed two cultures, American and German, ostensibly to show that although dictatorships have a head start of fanatic discipline and idealism in any conflict, democracy —despite its religious and racial dissensions, its delays and laxness—must always blunder through to eventual triumph. This seems a sentimental and fallacious view, discounting, as it does, economic and manpower resources, geographical disposition, military and scientific skill, and simple luck; but the screenplay by Edward Anhalt somehow contrives to sentimentalize it further.

The Young Lions (20th Century-Fox).

Christian Diestl, the German, is no longer a man brutalized by Nazism; he is a sensitive soul who is increasingly revolted by war. (Brando himself is said to have insisted on this alteration.) Diestl's story thus ceases to be that of German youth gulled by false politics; he could be a Brazilian or Siamese soldier sickened by slaughter. More or less as in the novel, the American Jew, Ackerman, wins the respect of his company with his fists, but now the kindly old colonel punishes the naughty captain who permitted the persecution. The chromium-plated intellectual, Whitacre, becomes a Bing-Crosby-type ambler, sporadically plagued by guilt about his selfishness.

Ackerman is played by the gifted Montgomery Clift, and here an unpleasant truth must be stated. Reportedly, Clift has recently had extensive plastic surgery performed on his face because of a motor accident. The change is startlingly apparent, but what is worse, the surgery seems to have left much of his

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face immobilized. This is undoubtedly horrible for him, but it is not something that can be politely overlooked in a profession which consists principally of displaying your face and asking the public to react to it.

Whitacre is played by Dean Martin as part of the current wave of using vaudevillians as actors, in which everyone from dear Ed Wynn to the less dear Red Buttons has taken to the drama. Once in a while this recurrent craze produces a remarkable result (Walter Huston came from vaudeville); such a result is not yet apparent in the current cycle.

Under Edward Dmytryk's direction the film weaves, moderately skillfully, the stories of the two Americans and the German until their paths cross outside a concentration camp at the war's end. There the nervous, cowardly Whitacre shoots the unarmed Diestl. The film's basic flaw is in the assumption that by combining three stories that would otherwise be commonplace, you will produce an epic; and the finish crowns its superficiality with pointlessness. Some of the scenes are good set-pieces, but we soon sense that the film's honesty and intelligence are thin. It becomes just another mildly competent war picture, more complicated than most. Yet it is worth seeing because of Brando's performance.

I HAVE HAD a chance to watch Brando's career from its beginning because he made his professional debut in a children's play of mine at the Adelphi Theater in New York in 1944. His role consisted of being hit on the head and falling down; but he managed to find a way of falling down that, without being obtrusive, was individual. Following this, although already in his early twenties, he gave a remarkable performance as the young son in short pants in *I Remember Mama.* He brought a doggedly sophisticated Broadway audience to its feet in a small part in *Truckline Café.* As Marchbanks in one of Katharine Cornell's revivals of *Candida,* he sounded like a cab driver and moved like a third baseman but still had some touching moments. In the first production of *A Streetcar Named Desire* he found the leading role that established his kingdom.

Since then he has repeated that part on film and has made his way thoughtfully and fiercely through a wide range of screen roles: the paraplegic in *The Men,* the satirizable but unforgettable cyclist in *The Wild Ones,* Zapata in *Viva Zapata!,* Antony in *Julius Caesar,* the poetical brute in *On the Waterfront,* the gambler in *Guys and Dolls,* Napoleon in *Desirée,* Sakini in *Teahouse of the August Moon* (I didn't see the last two named), the Virginian soldier in *Sayonara,* and the German in the present film. The list of parts, from Shakespeare to the best musical comedy of our time, is in itself a comment. These performances were not flawless (whose performances are?) and were by no means equally good, but they provide us with a body of work about which some statements can be made.

THE FIRST is that he is overwhelmingly the outstanding creative artist among contemporary American film actors. Kirk Douglas can sometimes match him in force but lacks his subtlety and pathos; Burt Lancaster has comparable ambition but small talent. Brando begins with a good actor's instrument—his body. Not a huge man, he is both solid and lithe. We are all perhaps too much aware of the effect of his chest through a torn undershirt; but more to the point, he seems to carry in him a silently humming dynamo of energy, bridled and instantly ready. Whenever he moves, something seems to impend. There is in acting, indisputably, an element that is often called star quality; partly it is this constant hint of possible lightning.

His face, although not refined, is enormously more expressive than one expects. It is not the soulful mask of a Barrault or Fresnay, yet it has more than the forceful masculinity of a Gabin. Even his somewhat gross mouth, its worst feature, can become sensitive, not with fancy makeup and lighting but by the artist's method: imaginative suggestion. His voice has been adequate to almost everything he has asked of it. He has worked toward more delicate vocal colors and his command constantly increases.

Actors, even more than most artists, are restricted by their personalities, but Brando strives to expand as far as possible, to use himself in playing other people rather than to bring those people to himself. In *The Young Lions,* for instance, we can see at once that he has caught perfectly the stiff cordiality, the slightly declamatory speech, the somewhat angular movements, the charm and the consciousness of charm that create another man — Diestl — for us. Yet, with that paradox which is part of the fascination of acting, he is also always unmistakably Brando, not some flavorless hack with wig and putty nose and laboriously disguised voice.

Brando has evolved a personal style which relies largely on understatement and the liberal use of pauses. Often the effect is heart-breaking; remember the poignancy he gave the vapid monosyllable "Wow" in *On the Waterfront* when he learned that his brother was threatening his life. Occasionally the style lapses out of meaning into mannerism; some of *Sayonara* could have used compression. But in essence he reflects in his style—as actors often do—a prevalent artistic vein of his day. Kemble exemplified the classic, elegant eighteenth century, Kean the wild, torrential romantics of the early nineteenth century, Irving the elaborate majesty of the late Victorians. I compare Brando with these luminaries only to draw a parallel. He is a taciturn realist: an epitome not of that joyous realistic revolution which swept away the humbug that obscured the contours of the world but of that generation born into realism which has seen its world with harsh clarity, whose work is to reconcile itself to that world's revealed boundaries and to find its triumphs inwardly.

IT WILL BE interesting to see which way Brando grows (he is not likely to stand still): whether he continues to explore methods of underplaying or whether, without losing his personal quality, he will attempt explicit, "larger" parts. The future is open to him for he has the most enviable combination: enormous talent and enormous box-office power. He can have his almost unlimited pick of the world's literature past and to come.

Five years ago I wrote that by reason of the ease with which he could punch us effectively but inartistically in the solar plexus he stood in danger of becoming a histrionic Mickey Spillane. I think he is past that danger. He now has the opportunity to be the first American film actor to achieve greatness.

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

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MUSIC

New Music of the Americas

THE First Inter-American Music Festival, held last week in Washington, was a lavish affair, using the resources of the two high-priced symphony orchestras and as many celebrated performers and performing groups as the limitations of time would allow. The published aim of the festival, which will become a semi-annual event, is to "celebrate music of the Western Hemisphere, the hemispheric music of today." As often as the festival takes place in the US, however, primary interest will focus on new Latin American music, since most of us Yanquis know little or nothing about it. US musicians are forever having their noses bent by Europeans who know American music only through Jazz and musical comedies. The serious Latin-American composer has, for several decades now, had to put up with the same kind of disregard from US audiences: the Latin-American musician is still supposed to wear tight pants and rattle gourds. This stereotype has yet to be destroyed. So the *un*published purpose of this first festival was to give the US its largest and most concentrated dose of ambitious Latin-American music in history.

Of the 18 composers heard, all but four are citizens of Latin-American countries; and of these, only one—Mozart Carmago Guarnieri of Brazil—submitted a work in the old Rum-and-Coca Cola manner. The others—even including the self-styled "nationalists"—lend themselves to analysis within the contexts of one or another of the international modern styles. At the extreme right are old Villa-Lobos of Brazil, who writes like a Frenchman, and Roberto Caamaño (a young Argentine) who writes a lot like Prokofiev. At the left, there are the inevitable twelve-toners: Gustav Becerra of Chile and Roque Cordero of Cuba. Between these extremes, there are a dozen apparent influences, from Ravel to Bartok, with an occasional strong suggestion of Hindemith.

The one thing which unifies all these composers is an overriding concern for sonority and texture. Even in an age when orchestration is a highly-prized and well-taught art, it would be hard for Europe and America combined to scare up a team of orchestrators to compete with this particular group of Latin-Americans. Even in the worst piece of the festival—José Ardevol's "Music for Little Orchestra"—I was mesmerized by the virtuosity of the orchestration.

There appears to be a sociological reason for this, which is that in most Latin-American countries—regardless of their political coloration— symphony orchestras are supported by the state. And in most of these countries, citizen-composers are given preferred treatment. This means, in practice, that almost unlimited rehearsal time can be spent preparing a new work. This gives the Latin-American composer an immense advantage over the US composer in point of being able to learn from experience and also from experimentation with a live orchestra.

Another advantage in living in one of the smaller Latin American countries is the lack of heavy competition. You don't have to be great to be the best composer in Panama, for instance, and yet the best composer in Panama enjoys many courtesies because of his lonely eminence. I had hoped that there would be no correlation between the quality of music and the size of the country from which it came; but, with disconcerting regularity, all the best pieces came from big countries in which competition is stiff.

THE MOST one can hope of a festival of this sort is that it will produce some works of real merit. This one produced at least four, three of them mavericks. One, a madrigal cycle by the 58-year-old Mexican Composer Rodolfo Halffter, is a blind reaction against modern music and a return to the 16th Century. Another choral work—consisting of an Improperium and two madrigals by the gifted young American, Russell Woollen—is a tricky and dangerous exercise in harmonic invention. A third, the symphony of Gustavo Becerra is an irreverent romp employing the 12-tone technique in a somewhat modified form. But the fanciest piece of all—Alberto Ginastera's Second String Quartet—is wholly in keeping with the general tone of the festival. There isn't a decent tune in the work, and the organization is based almost altogether on textures and short motives. It would compare favorably with the Bartok quartets, but the whole conception and execution of the work are so original that comparisons would be unfair. Ginastera is the Real Article. His quartet was like an electric shock to me, and from the ovation his piece got, I assume that I'm not alone.

ROBERT EVETT

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Correspondence

(Continued from page 3)

his case for military disengagement, "I have not met a single German of any party who feels that if the Red Army left Eastern Germany it would be necessary to insist on free elections as a precondition of reunification." But has Mr. Healey met a single German who believes that the Red Army will leave Eastern Germany BEFORE a Soviet plan for reunification has been accepted and guaranteed? I haven't.

Mr. Khrushchev and Herr Ulbricht in Eastern Germany have stated quite clearly that the withdrawal of the Red Army would be phased over a period of indefinite length during which a German "Confederation" of two equally entitled partners would be established. One of these partners would be the East German Communist regime.

In the second place, Mr. Healey writes, "While Russia could abandon Eastern Germany without any substantial change or weakening of her strategic position . . . " Plenty of Germans may, indeed, have told Mr. Healey that this was so. I do not believe it for a moment. I suggest to Mr. Healey that the Soviet Union regards Eastern Germany as a vital and integral part of the whole Communist-satellite bloc. If Eastern Germany were to be "abandoned," the effects on Poland first of all, and other satellite states afterwards, would be unpredictable.

These two comments are not intended to disrupt Mr. Healey's case but merely to suggest that over-simplification can lead to errors of judgment.

TERENCE PRITTIE

Dusseldorf, Germany

. . . a Sleep Bomb

THREE cheers for James King! I trust his fine articles on disengagement (*NR*, Apr. 7, 14) indicate *NR's* permanent awakening from catnaps in the Kennan dreamworld. It was Mr. King's most telling point, it seems to me—one significantly ignored by Mr. Healey—that the neutralization of the Bonn Republic would have a disastrous effect on the development of a United States of Western Europe. Without Western Germany the eventual union of the Common Market nations is of little significance—these nations have been united in spirit for years. With Germany the United States of Europe becomes the world's third great power, highly industrialized, democratic, firmly Western, and with a skilled population numbering just under that of the USA.

Mr. King is, of course, correct in insisting on the importance of strong conventional forces for the defense of the free world. The great problem, however, has become the political unpopularity in the Western Democracies of providing the manpower for large standing armies. With an eye to the comic possibilities, but in all seriousness, may I suggest that what we need is an arsenal of chemical or biological missiles which when exploded among enemy troops produce in the radius of several miles a blissful attack of sleeping sickness. The political as well as the military effect of the huge Communist standing armies would thus be nullified, even if the Russians had the weapon themselves. In addition, we would no longer have need for our ridiculous threat of massive retaliation, which makes us look immoral in unsophisticated eyes, the Hordes of Asia would become once again not a threat but a feeding problem, and last but not least we, the innocent victims of the peacetime draft, would be able to look forward to the next war as a rest from two years of getting up mornings before the roosters. Certainly our country, which spent billions to develop weapons too destructive to use, can come up with something with the relatively simple requirements of the "Sleep Bomb."

PFC PAUL MARCUS

Karlsruhe, Germany

► *Sergeant's Pay*

SIRS:

FOR over ten years I have been a subscriber to *The New Republic*. I would be only too glad to continue the association except for one thing. For the first time in ten years I can't scare up eight dollars.

I know that you will say I can't afford *not* to subscribe to *The New Republic* in view of the world situation and the one-party press, but I have a better argument. If I mailed you a check for eight dollars it would be promptly returned marked, "Genuine US Rubber. (A Subsidiary of Charlie Wilson.)"

I am a Sergeant First Class in the United States Army with eighteen years service. Ten years ago, when I first subscribed to *The New Republic*, an SFC with those years and a wife cleared about $240.00 per month. If I am not mistaken my first subscription to the paper cost $4.00. Ten years later a subscription is $8.00 and if my salary had kept up I would now be making $480.00 per month. I am very sorry to report that such is not the case.

I make about $350 which leaves me short some $130 per month. Ah, yes; the soldiers pay bill now before Congress. If past performance is any measure, by the time our free-handed administration finishes whittling the corners off, the pay raise will fall a little short of raising my pay by $130.00 per month. Probably about $129.04 short.

The shortage in pay I have outlined is based on the straight pay and allowances and does not include the gratuities the forementioned free-handed administration sees fit to take out of my pocket for deserving organizations like the Uniform Lobby. By October 15 I will have to scratch up from somewhere the $60.00 for a new green Uniform. The eight dollars I save by not subscribing to *The New Republic* may come in handy there.

I am not casting rocks at *The New Republic* because I feel their subscription rates are too high. I am saying that conditions being what they are I cannot afford eight dollars for *The New Republic*, or any other publication.

I held out as long as I could. I bought my last bottle of beer in 1952, and my last cigarette in 1955. This year, if my wife and I are to continue to eat, *The New Republic* has got to go. So-long old friend, it was damned nice knowing you.

W.P.F.

Steilacoom, Washington

► *Sagittarius & the Adamses*

SIRS:

WITH contrition I confess,
When listing bygone Adamses,
To errors grave and various,
And though this may not be excused,
I own I'm apt to be confused
By names so multifarious,
Appraised now of my oversight,
May I thank those who set me right?
Your readers?

SAGITTARIUS

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